OUR HEROES' WIDOWS.

ALL ABOUT MRS. HANCOCK'S NEW HOUSE AT WASHINGTON.

Mrs. Logan's Retired Life, and the Queer Library of Mrs. Dahlgren—Mrs. Phil Sheridan—Gen. Sheridan's Home and His Forthcoming Memoirs.

[Special Correspondence.]

WASHINGTON, April 9.—Mrs. Hancock has just been presented with a Washington home. The house is the gift of Mr. Corcoran and other wealthy residents of Washington, and it is one of the fine new houses of the national capital. Mrs. Hancock was invited to come to Washington when it was being constructed, and it was built according to her suggestions. It is located at the corner of Twenty-first and R streets, Northwest, and it is back of the Chinese legation, not far from Blaine's big mansion, and within a stone's throw of Joel Barlow's home, so popular in the days of 1800 under the name of Kalorama. Its cost has been about $20,000.

I visited the house today, and examined it from cellar to garret. It is a big three story and basement structure, made of Philadelphia pressed brick and rich brown stone. A wide parking about fifteen feet deep runs around its north and east sides, forming a beautiful lawn, which is now as green as Ireland in the summer. This lawn has a facing of granite about one foot high, and from the top of this the ground rises gradually, until the foundation of the house is met, making a sort of terrace, as it were. The house faces on Twenty-first street, and its corner is a great brown stone tower, with many curved windows and with a conical top, roofed with red slate. At the end of the tower this red slate slopes off into a sort of half mansard roof for the house, and this forms a very pleasing and ornamental patch of color above the red brick and brown stone below. The basement story is entirely of brown stone. The windows are capped with brown stone, and the front entrance, which is reached by brown stone steps, is a brown stone square tower in the center of the building. Brass railings lead up these brown stone steps, and the wide front door has a half moon of stained glass over it. The house contains, all told, about a dozen rooms, and it is one of the best lighted houses in Washington.

Passing over the tiled vestibule, you enter a wide and curiously shaped hall, at the back of which stairs wind around and up to the stories above. Just back of these stairs a grate fire burns in a tiled fire place, and to the right and left as you enter are the folding doors which lead to the dining room and to the parlor. The house fronts, I judge, about sixty feet, and these two rooms and the hall take up the whole of the first story. The dining room has five large windows, and a very cozy feature of it is the window seats, which have glass cupboards under them, and out of which may shine some of the Hancock china. A fire place with a richly carved mantel forms the center of one side of the room, and the finishing of this room is mahogany.

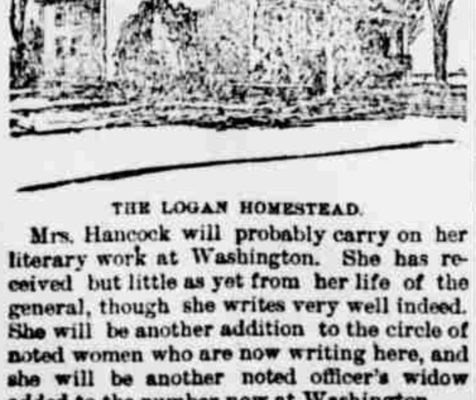
MRS. HANCOCK'S HOUSE.

The parlor is square, with the exception of the northeast corner, which is made up of the large bay window formed by the tower. This room is a blaze of light. Its wood work is of white and gold, and its paper is of the most delicate gold and white figures. Through the transoms over the windows of the tower the light shines in through dogwood blossoms made of stained glass, and the ceiling is a soft delicate tracery of gold and cream, which matches the paper. At the back of the parlor is a fireplace, tiled with Mexican onyx, and the hearth of this is of the same pure white and pink tile.

The second floor has three large and well lighted chambers, from each of which can be had fine views of the hills of Washington and Kalorama heights. The finishing of the wood is mahogany, or, rather, a stained imitation of it, and the third floor has similar decorations, each room being different from the other. In the attic there is a garret and a room for a servant, and I noted that the servant's room is papered in a delicate robin's egg blue, and that the ceiling is covered as well as the walls.

One of the features of the fourth story which would delight the ordinary housekeeper is a large fur closet, floored, ceiled and walled with cedar. The waves of perfume which rush out when the door is opened show that this will be moth proof, and it is large enough to store the winter clothes of the czar of Russia.

The culinary department of the house is to be in the basement, and there is a large furnace. The house will be heated by this and by the grates, and it will be undoubtedly one of the most comfortable homes of the capital. It is not an extravagant house in its cost, and it is not gorgeous in its appointments. It is simply a comfortable home, and when Mrs. Hancock's furniture has put a soul into it, it will be one of the most pleasant places of social Washington.



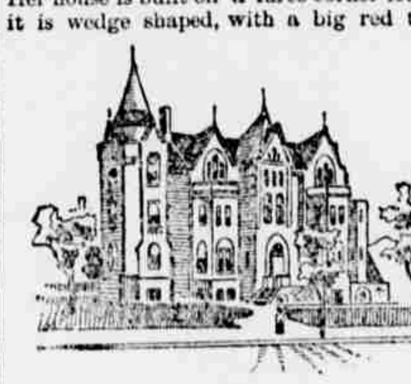
THE LOGAN HOMESTEAD.

Mrs. Hancock will probably carry on her literary work at Washington. She has received but little as yet from her life of the general, though she writes very well indeed. She will be another addition to the circle of noted women who are now writing here, and she will be another noted officer's widow added to the number now at Washington.

Mrs. Logan still lives at her home known as Calumet Place, and she tells me she does not think she would be happy elsewhere. Gen. Logan planned this home, and it was the great pet of his last days. Much of the carpenter work in it he did himself, and every part of the house conveys to Mrs. Logan a reminiscence of her husband. The house, as it is today, is practically the same as it was when the general died, save that a number of Logan's most cherished objects have been gathered into one corner, and this is known as the "Logan corner." This corner is in the parlor, and it is in the next room to the curious fur covered couch, upon which the general loved to rest when he came in from a hard day's work.

Mrs. Logan is doing some writing for the magazines and newspapers. She receives $100 for a newspaper article, and the syndicates are glad to buy her material. She is not, however, a rapid writer, and she can talk a great deal better than she can write. If she would use an amanensis and dictate her thoughts, she would turn out more interesting letters, and if she would devote herself to reminiscences and to the telling of stories, rather than the giving of observations upon society and men, I think that her articles would command even higher prices than they now do.

Another hero's widow who owns a fine house at Washington is the wife of Admiral Dahlgren, whose pretty red pressed brick house faces the bronze statue of Gen. Thomas, just across the way from where Poker Bob Schenck lives, and not far off from the residence of Secretary Bayard. Her house is built on a three corner lot, and it is wedge shaped, with a big red tower



MRS. DAHLGREN'S HOUSE.

forming the end of the wedge. The first floor room of this tower constitutes Mrs. Dahlgren's library, and it is the coziest, queerest conceit of the kind I have ever seen. Mrs. Dahlgren planned it herself, and everything within it has for her a meaning. The floor is a spider's web, made of wood inlaid with different colors, and Mrs. Dahlgren says that this web indicates that the pursuit of knowledge should be without end, and should go on as long as life lasts. Then, there are curious flowers in the tiling of the fireplace—the passion flower, if I remember correctly, which shows the love which one should have for learning. It is the same with the ceiling and the arrangement of the books, and the fine old pictures which look down from the walls are in harmony with the remainder of the room. Books are all around, and in one corner of the room is a little alcove, with its interior made in the shape of a heart, and in this is the statue of the Virgin, and two of the works of the old masters are seen through the soft light which comes in through the stained glass window. Mrs. Dahlgren is a Catholic, and this is her place of prayer. A lace curtain separates it from the rest of the library, and this is the shrine of the house.

Throughout the rest of the house there are many rare and curious pieces of furniture, and the curios of a lifetime spent among the most prominent people of the world are here to be seen. Mrs. Dahlgren has known Washington and Washington life intimately for the past generation and more. Her father was one of the leading Whig members of congress, and she came here with him as a girl long before the war. As long ago as the days of Buchanan she published sketches and poems under the pen name of Corinne. In 1873 she made herself noted by opposing woman suffrage. She is a very modest lady, with the gentlest of manners, and she talks very interestingly of the prominent people of the past. She is the founder of the Literary society of Washington, and her house has for years been frequented by the most noted people of the country. She still writes, and she is as earnest in her church work as she is in a literary way. She has translated from the French a work on Pius IX, and from the Spanish, Donoso Cortes' "Catholicism, Liberalism and Socialism," and for this she received the thanks of the pope.

Mrs. Gen. Hazen also lives in Washington. She is now renting a house, while her big mansion on Sixteenth and I streets is being occupied by Senator Evarts.

AN INTERIOR VIEW IN GEN. SHERIDAN'S HOUSE.

Speaking of the wives of noted generals, Mrs. Sheridan has one of the most pleasant homes in Washington, and she is one of the brightest of Washington women. Tall, slender and graceful, she has a pleasant face, and her manners are always composed. She is a daughter of Gen. Rucker, and Gen. Sheridan met her, I think, when he was living at Detroit. Her home here is in one of the most fashionable parts of Washington. It cost several times $10,000, and it is furnished with the rare things which she and the general have picked up in the travels of their married life. Gen. Sheridan's workshop is just off the parlor, and here Mrs. Sheridan often sits and entertains her visitors. A rich Zuni portiere separates the two rooms, and a gorgeous Indian bead tablecloth covers one of the tables of the parlor. Pictures of army scenes hang upon the walls, and a very curious piece among the bric-a-brac is a three leafed miniature screen made of richly flowered cretonne, out of which look the photographs of the friends of the family. You will see here a photograph of "Little Phil;" and Phil Sheridan's boy is, I understand, a chip of the old block, full of fire and daring. Mrs. Sheridan pays much attention to the education of her children. They are taught by private tutors, and they all speak French.

Gen. Sheridan's memoirs are in press, by the way, and he displays a decided interest in the controversy which is now going on in regard to the writing of Grant's book. He will not leave his work in such a condition that any other man can claim to have written it, and the truth of the matter is that the most of his work has been penned, or pencilled rather, with his own hand. He has, it is true, had his secretaries look up certain matters for him, but the writing has been done by himself, and I believe that the same thing can be truly said of the memoirs of Gen. Grant.

THOMAS J. TODD.

TO SIMLA IN A TONGA.

THE RECENT EXPERIENCE OF A TRAVELER IN INDIA.

The Curious Vehicle Which Is Used to Ascend Mountains—A Description of Simla, Which Is One of the Places to See in India.

[Special Correspondence.]

CALCUTTA, India, March 1.—Among the many pieces of advice in regard to our trips in India received from "the man who had been there," none has been more emphatic than the injunction, "Go to Simla." To Simla, therefore, we determined to go.

THE GHARRY.

We knew that Simla is the summer capital of India, and that for about half of the year it is the residence of the viceroy and the chief officers of the government, when the intense heat makes Calcutta unendurable. Inquiries developed the fact that it is over 7,000 feet above the sea level, on a narrow spur of the Himalayas, and about 100 miles from the nearest railway station. Mysterious hints were also thrown out about a new sensation to be experienced in a ride for more than half the distance in a vehicle called a tonga, which our informant declared to be unlike anything in heaven, on earth or under it.

One pleasant morning, therefore, we descended from the cars at the fine station of Umballa Cantonment. A cantonment, by the way, is that portion of a town where the Europeans make their homes. It is generally well laid out with broad and shady streets, and the houses are large and roomy, and surrounded with pretty gardens. It offers a great contrast to the native part of the town where the houses are closely huddled together, and the streets often too narrow to admit a carriage.

Although it was the middle of January, the air was soft and balmy, and the thick foliage of the trees and the flowers blooming on every side reminded me of a day in the spring at home. We proceeded to the post-office and arranged for our conveyance—for the road to Simla is operated by the government—and we were soon on our way.

We made this first day's journey in a gharry, the ordinary carriage of the country, a two seated vehicle which will carry four persons with reasonable comfort. Our horses were changed frequently, and we rolled along at a good pace. The road was excellent as all Indian roads are, but the country was flat and totally uninteresting. In fact, except in the mountain regions, the scenery of India is as monotonous as the southern part of New Jersey. The only event of interest which occurred was the crossing of a river bed which was a full mile wide, though only two or three trivial streams, scarcely deep enough to cover the hubs of our carriage, meandered through it. They told us that in the wet season this becomes for days an impassable torrent.

About 4 o'clock we arrived at Kalka, a small village about forty miles from Umballa, and at the foot of the mountain. We were to spend the night there, so we secured such accommodations as the village hotel could boast of, started out for a long walk, and returned ready to discuss the excellent supper which was ready for us.

These Indian hotels in the smaller places are a curiosity from an American standpoint. You engage a room and are shown to it by three or four grinning servants. You find a bedstead, an exceedingly thin and hard mattress, one chair, probably a small table, and possibly something which is supposed to be a mirror. If you are partial to sheets and blankets and are a prudent man you will bring them with you, for though you may sometimes get them in the hotel for an extra consideration, it is by no means certain. On the other hand, the supply of food is liberal and generally of fair quality. Two things, rice cooked as no American knows how to cook it, and fresh eggs, are always to be obtained.

We arranged to start the next morning at 8 o'clock, and at that hour our tonga made its appearance. This original vehicle has two wheels of about three feet in diameter, over the axle of which is placed the box with two seats back to back, and a low footboard before and behind, which is about eight inches from the ground. An Irish jaunting car turned sideways and cut down to about half its height would give a tolerable idea of it. Each seat will accommodate two persons. A light framework supports a canvas covering, which shelters the passengers from the sun.

We took our seats, the driver cracked his whip, and away we started in fine style. The ascent begins immediately, and with the exception of about two miles, where, in passing round a ravine, the road descends somewhat, it continues all the way to Simla, which is fifty-five miles from Kalka. The ascent is very gradual, however, and as the horses were changed at intervals of about four miles, they were never exhausted, and our driver kept them steadily upon a run, so that we traveled about nine miles an hour. There

THE TONGA.

was no monotony in this part of the journey. As we rose higher and higher we had a constantly enlarging view of the great plain below, until dim and misty in the distance it blended with the sky. Then we would pass through a gigantic cleft in the rocks, and looking upward, see only a narrow streak of the sky above us; then emerging from that, skim along the edge of a precipice of 1,000 feet or more of sheer descent. Then a comparatively level space, to be followed by new view, cleft and precipice, each varying from the last; and as we mounted still higher, now and then through some gap would come a glimpse of the distant Himalayas, clad in their robes of eternal snow, 100 miles away, but in the marvelous clearness of that Indian atmosphere they seemed at a scarcely greater distance than could be accomplished by an easy walk. Then there were the stops at the stations every half hour, affording opportunity to jump out and stretch our legs for a moment, and to gain some amusement from the unintelligible chattering and wild gestures of the natives, conscious the while that we were equally a subject to them of good natured contempt—for the Indian peasant does not desire to leave his home, and believing every white man to be a millionaire, thinks those rich sahibs great fools, when they could stay at home in comfort, to spend their time and money just to see a mountain or a strange city.

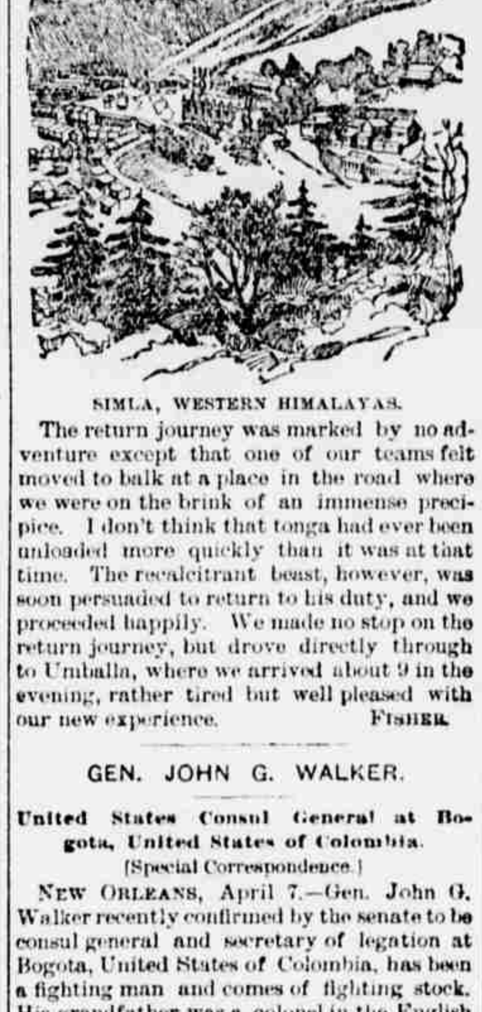
So with these various changes the day passed by, until about 3 o'clock, as we rounded a huge promontory, we saw Simla scarcely a mile away as the crow flies, but a good four miles by the road, for between us and it was one of the enormous chasms so frequent in the Himalayas, around which we had to pass. At length, however, we arrived at the tonga station, and escorted by a crowd of coolies, carrying our baggage, proceeded to our hotel.

Simla is a unique place. It is built on the side of a steep declivity, so that the roof of one house is generally about on a level with the foundation of the one in the next tier. Flights of steps afford the means of ascent and descent. Horses and wagons are entirely out of the question, and all burdens are carried by the coolies. There are a few jinrikishaz—small two wheeled carriages drawn by one or two men—owned by private families, but the wayfarer must trust to his own powers of locomotion, or miss the magnificent views which constantly meet his eye in every direction as he goes from point to point in the neighborhood.

There are a number of fine buildings in Simla erected for government use, and each year additions are made to the number. It seems strange that with all the traffic during the summer a railway has not been built, but apparently no steps have as yet been taken. The town also boasts of a fine lecture room and good library and a very pretty church. The English as a people reverence God, and wherever in the world a number of them are gathered together, the spire of their church rises toward heaven to testify to the fact.

The church in Simla is built upon the crown of a ridge and the ground slopes downward on either side. As you stand on the porch you can see two little brooks; you might almost cast a stone into either. And yet the water of one, after a journey of 1,500 miles, reaches the Arabian sea by way of the Indus, while the other goes to swell the mighty Ganges, and after traveling 800 miles is poured into the bay of Bengal.

We fortunately took a long walk and saw most of the points of interest on the afternoon of our arrival, for when we awoke the next morning there was a foot of snow on the ground, and it was still falling. The storm continued all day, and although the next one was pleasant it was impossible to go about, and the following morning we started on our return. Although the snow was so heavy at Simla, by the time we had gone eight miles and descended about 1,000 feet there was not a trace of it on our road.



SIMLA, WESTERN HIMALAYAS.

The return journey was marked by no adventure except that one of our teams felt moved to balk at a place in the road where we were on the brink of an immense precipice. I don't think that tonga had ever been unloaded more quickly than it was at that time. The recalcitrant beast, however, was soon persuaded to return to his duty, and we proceeded happily. We made no stop on the return journey, but drove directly through to Umballa, where we arrived about 9 in the evening, rather tired but well pleased with our new experience.

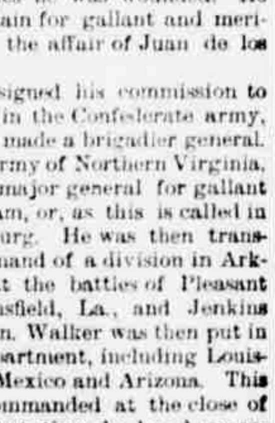
FISHER.

GEN. JOHN G. WALKER.

United States Consul General at Bogota, United States of Colombia.

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW ORLEANS, April 7.—Gen. John G. Walker recently confirmed by the senate to be consul general and secretary of legation at Bogota, United States of Colombia, has been a fighting man and comes of fighting stock. His grandfather was a colonel in the English army, from which he resigned and settled in Virginia. When the colonists revolted against the authority of the mother country, he espoused their cause and was an adjutant of a cavalry regiment and subsequently on Washington's staff. His son, the father of Consul General Walker, married a niece of Andrew Jackson, the wedding taking place at "The Hermitage." He settled in Missouri. John G. Walker was born in Missouri and educated at the Jesuit college in St. Louis. In 1846 he was appointed a first lieutenant in the Mounted Rifles, United States army. He served in the war with Mexico under Gen. Scott, and smelled powder at Contreras, Churubusco and Molino del Rey, in the latter of which battles he was wounded. He was brevetted captain for gallant and meritorious services in the affair of Juan de los Lanos.



JOHN G. WALKER.

Capt. Walker resigned his commission to accept a coloneley in the Confederate army, and soon after was made a brigadier general. He served in the Army of Northern Virginia, and was made a major general for gallant conduct at Antietam, or, as this is called in the south, Sharpsburg. He was then transferred to the command of a division in Arkansas and fought at the battles of Pleasant Hill and of Mansfield, La., and Jenkins Ferry in 1864. Gen. Walker was then put in command of a department, including Louisiana, Texas, New Mexico and Arizona. This department he commanded at the close of the war. Since that time he has been engaged in mining in Mexico and railroad operations in the southern states. Gen. Walker is 62 years of age.

Appetizing Way to Serve Potatoes.

Chop fine a tablespoonful each of pickle, capers and onion; stir them over the fire in a gill of vinegar till the vinegar is evaporated; then add an ounce of butter, an ounce of flour, salt, pepper and cayenne to season to taste, and a pint of broth. Then put in cold boiled potatoes cut in slices; let come to a boil and serve hot.